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"Does you love God?"

THE

CHILD-ANGEL,

AND

ANGEL LILLY.

[DENISON, MRS. MARY (ANDREWS)]

BOSTON:
HENRY HOYT.
CHICAGO: W. TOMLINSON.
CINCINNATI: GEO. CROSBY.

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THE CHILD-ANGEL.

THE Nelson Hotel was the largest and most fashionable house of resort in a town on the sea-shore, a popular watering-place, famous in the annals of the wealthy. It stood not far from the brink of the sounding sea, and commanded a prospect of surpassing beauty.

Among the very select few who came here for the purpose of invigorating and improving health, were a young couple by the name of Hayden. Harriet, the wife, was an interesting woman, not yet thirty, with a quiet, gentle manner, and a voice whose every tone was music.

She was a New-England woman, of Puritan extraction, and a sweet, practical Christian. But the sweetest creature in this beautiful group was Antoinette Hayden, a child of three years. She was not in flounces, or laces, or ribbons. Her little limbs were unfettered by fashion, and had the freest play; her ways were all natural; her walk and talk and play were as a child's walk and talk and play should be.

Loose Ben was an uncouth caricature of a human being, of some sixteen years of age, slouching in his dress, dirty, sometimes ragged, bearing all the gibes put upon him with sullen mien and stoical silence. Loose Ben shuffled, looked suspiciously at every body from under his eyebrows, shrank from every human voice, never seemed to care whe-

ther they called him fool or knave, and only cared to gather his loose limbs together in some sunny place after his services were over for the day, and think — what could the poor outcast think? He was a German, and possibly never knew his parentage; he would not say whether he had any father or mother. It was his duty to make fires in the rooms of those who were invalids, in the early morning, and for this purpose the father of little Antoinette employed him; for though it was summer time, yet the chill air of the sea made the early morning raw and cold.

So, with an armful of wood, Loose Ben wended his way to No. 56, a large room on the second floor. As he entered, Mr. Hayden glanced up from his dressing-table, and followed his lazy motions

with his eye for a moment. Little Antoinette sat on the floor by the bedside, half-covered with the lace curtains that fell like spray over her spiritual face and figure. She, too, looked on earnestly, suspending her play for a moment, and then, as his labor progressed, she stood by his side. He gazed toward her, and seemed paralyzed into greater stupidity at her sweet smile. She did not mock him, scream out, or spring from him, as other children did, nor call him unfeeling names; but as she stood there with a saintly light on her brow, she laid one white, dimpled hand on his ragged sleeve, and with winning voice asked: "Does you love God?"

He was too much startled for the moment to speak, but the great shining eyes beamed into his lack-lustre orbs,

and again that voice of surpassing beauty asked: "Does you love God?" He looked up, he looked down awkwardly, and in his broad Dutch dialect said, half sheepishly, "Ya-as."

"Do you pray to God in the morning?" persisted the little one, still keeping her hand upon him — and he in the same voice answered, "Ya-as."

Then the little one seemed satisfied; she danced and capered about — chatted with this coarse, boorish boy — watched the curling flame as it ascended, and built, all unconsciously, a fire of love and gratitude on the altar of that uncultivated heart.

The season went on, and Nettie's mother improved in health. The thin figure rounded out, the pale cheeks grew flushed, and she took long walks and

drives along the quiet beach. Every morning, when Loose Ben came up to build the fire, that dear little voice would say, "Does you love God?" and when he had answered with his stereotyped "Ya-as," she would add in precisely the same words as before, "Does you pray to God in the morning?" and again, with that stupid, wondering look, he would say, "Ya-as." But there was a change in this semi-barbarian. Gradually, the rough, heavy locks were trained to fall back from his low but full brow; his wood-colored face grew clean, and his hands evinced some mark of attention. By some mysterious process his clothes were mended, and, little by little, Loose Ben seemed to emerge from his loutish shell into a region of more thought and freer scope. The hotel-loungers still

jeered him, still called him all kinds of strange and original names, but he did not mind them; and had one seen him going up to his daily duty to Room 56, a smile might have been detected lighting up his homely face, till it was almost handsome. And as he entered, day after day, came the same questions about love and prayer.

One Sabbath morning, never-to-be-forgotten day, for I am telling no story of fiction, dear reader, the rap came as usual at Room 56, and when the door was opened in walked Loose Ben, worthy of the name no longer. He brought the wood not in his usual way, but in a basket, and, wonder of wonders! he was attired in a neat gray suit, from head to foot, and under his left arm he carried a straw hat, bound with black ribbon.

Leisurely he went up to the hearth-stone, and leisurely set the kindlings and the wood in their place. Then he turned round and looked for Antoinette. A little voice came from under the curtains: "Benny, does you love God? Does you pray in the morning?"

The boy drew his hands before his eyes, and as Nettie made herself visible, he went toward her, and fell upon his knees at her feet.

"You dear little angel," he sobbed, taking her dimpled hand, and covering it with kisses; "every morning you ask me that, and every morning I lie to you. Yes, I lie to you; for I love no God, as you say. Then you ask me if I pray every morning, and I lie to you again, and keep lying to you, because I did n't know no better; because I poor Dutch boy.

But this morning, you dear little angel, I tell you I love God. I tell you I pray to God — yes, I love — I pray," he added, the tears running down his coarse cheeks, while Mr. and Mrs. Hayden stood looking on, full of astonishment. "You made me go to God, you little angel you — you make me pray to God, and I tell you no lie any longer."

Tears choked his utterance. Antoinette, scarcely knowing what it all meant, stood looking gravely towards him, a childish wonder in her face, until John Hayden snatched her from the floor and folded her, with many kisses, to his bosom.

The scene changes to a handsome dwelling in the city. Snow lies on all the streets, white and glistening; the naked trees, the gray caps of the houses,

the iron railings, all are robed in the shroud of the winter days. Ah! some cold wind, some snow has entered that house; the white drapery of the windows is unlifted; children go in and come out again with sorrowful faces; the passing traveller looks mournfully up as he wanders by — there must be gloom in that house. Yes, the white snow of death lies upon the forehead of an only child.

She is in her coffin now, with roses above her pale bosom, and the little silver plate says: "Antoinette Hayden, aged seven." What! is her mission done so soon? Does the angel bathe her wings in the light of heaven? Even so!

In a darkened chamber sat the mother of this lovely flower, bearing her grief

alone with God. No sigh broke from her bosom, no tear fell from her eye; she looked calm — she was calm; but resigned as she evidently was, the stern immobility of her features told that grief, deeper than could find any outlet, lay heavy at her heart.

Rising up after her long vigil, she went noiselessly down stairs towards the room where her child slept the last long sleep. As she was entering, a voice struck her ear, as if some long-remembered music had just sounded; the chord vibrated against her heart. She paused; the voice asked for Antoinette — little Antoinette Hayden — and another voice mournfully murmured the sad truth.

"Dead!" exclaimed the stranger: "little angel dead!"

And then came feet along the passage, and a tall, dark man stood before her.

"You do not know me, Mrs. Hayden," he said, as, after a moment striving to possess his self-command, he spoke.

"I do not, indeed," replied the bereaved mother, in low tones.

"Ah! my dear madam, I am he whom your child's artless questions, morning after morning, pierced through the heart; I am poor Loose Ben. Day and night have the lovely features of that angel babe been before my vision. Every morning the clear, sweet tones have sounded on my ear, 'Does you love God?' and oh! I have come to find her in heaven." He bowed his head and wept, then softly followed the mourning mother into the shaded parlor. Death had not even kissed the freshness from

the lips of the sweet child. Death, as if he had no power to mar such loveliness, had not drawn one blue tint along the marble temples, or under the closed eyes. Death had not stolen one line of beauty from that heavenly face — it smiled in spite of death.

"O Antoinette! dear little Antoinette!" sobbed the strong man. "You found me in ignorance, and blessed me with those holy hands; they were the first pure fingers that touched me with the touch of love, and made my buried heart throb with new life. O little Antoinette! you were the first one to lead me to my Saviour; on your infant breath my name was first carried up to Christ. O my lamb! canst thou not look down upon me, and see me bend over thee, blessing even thy inanimate

clay? But the tomb cannot hold thee, my darling, thank God! the tomb cannot hold thee, infant disciple. Already is she up there!" he cried, lifting his streaming eyes. "The brightness of thy glory, O Lord God of hosts! falls upon her temples. She hath led souls to thee, mighty Redeemer, and thou wilt give her a crown of life."

He ceased, and bowed his head upon the coffin. What oration before crowned monarchs ever reached the sublimity of this man's offering over the dead form of a little child? He had been converted through her ministrations, and since his entrance into the Gospel ministry, he counted those who believed on Jesus through his faith and his ministry, by hundreds; and he laid his trophies in the name of Jesus beside the gentle child who had taught him Christ.

Reader, I have not written fiction. The dust of the child has slept in the green graveyard, where the flowers are springing to-day, twenty three years. Twenty-three years she has been a seraph in glory. Twenty-three years she has looked upon Jesus, her Saviour and her Redeemer. Oh! what do you and I seem beside this beautiful seraph? Though we drink of the fountains of earthly wisdom, we cannot attain to a tithe of that divine knowledge that fills her cup of bliss this day. Twenty-three years in the presence of the Lord of life, going up and down the steps of light, walking and talking with angels — pure, consecrate, holy!

And may not you and I win some stars to our crowns of eternal rejoicings?

ANGEL LILLY.

ALTHOUGH a wonderful child, Lilly was by no means a grave, unearthly, precocious little one. Her smile was as sunny as her hair, and her eyes were always laughing. She was indeed a beam of light, wherever seen. At sight of her lovely face the stern visages of worldly men relaxed, and the old always held open arms for her. She warmed their hearts with her happy, artless prattle. One day her mother took her on board of a steamboat, on a pleasure excursion. At first Lilly looked grave, finding herself among so many strange people, but

spying at the farther end of the saloon a venerable man who held a little girl by the hand, she begged her mother to let her go and see the rosy-cheeked child. Mrs. —— was not afraid to trust Lilly. If she said, "Lilly, remember and do not go out of the door or by the window," she knew that she might rely upon the sweet child's implicit obedience. So away went Lilly, her beautiful great eyes shining, her step still rather slow, but when she got near the child she looked for a moment in her little chubby face, and smile answered smile; the two quickly understood each other, and were soon playing together. The old gentleman regarded them with a look of interest that was not lost upon Lilly, so by-and-by, sliding up to his knees, she asked —

"Is that your little girl?"

"Yes, dear," was the reply, "at least she is my little grand-daughter."

"Are you her grand-pa?"

"Yes, dear."

"I've got a grand-pa," said Lilly, with that sweet coaxing way that is in some children so irresistible, "and he's a good man, and loves Jesus. Do you love Jesus?"

The old man looked at her with a strange expression, but did not speak.

"Say, *don't* you love Jesus?"

"My little child," murmured the old white-headed man, and his lips began to quiver.

She looked at him earnestly, thoughtfully, then a grieved expression crossed her sweet face, and she said, softly — "You do love Jesus, don't you?"

"My little one, ah! I wish I did — I

wish I did!" and he shook his head mournfully.

For one moment she stood gazing on the floor, then flying from the knee where she had been resting, she sought her mother, caught hold of her hand, and saying "O, mamma! that little girl's grand-pa over there don't love Jesus; won't you come and tell him he must?"

The child would take no denial, but besought with such earnestness that her mother was fain to go, and seated herself by the old man's side, after which Lilly, feeling perfectly assured that the old man would soon love Jesus, whether he had before or not, resumed her merry play with her little new-found companion.

Mrs. —— sat for some time silent and embarrassed where her daughter had escorted her.

"That's a wonderful little one," said the old gentleman, after he had mastered his emotion.

"Oh, no, sir; a very pleasant, good child; but there is nothing wonderful about her," replied the mother.

"Madam, pardon me — but no one ever took that much interest in me before, to ask me the simple question that that child put to me, and I am now in my eighty-third year.'

"The Bible, sir, you know, says that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God hath ordained praise."

"Ah, yes, I remember — I read my Bible a great deal, madam," and he sighed heavily.

"And you find comfort in its truths, I hope, sir?"

"No, madam. I have for many years

been shaping the Scriptures to suit some peculiar views of mine, and so busy and zealous have I been that I have given no attention to it as a saving medium. When your child put that question to me, madam, I seemed suddenly to awake, as it were, out of a slumber of ages," and again he sighed heavily.

"I think, sir," said Mrs. ——, "if you would not disdain so humble an instrument, my little daughter, as she has perhaps begun the good work, might lead you to the truth."

"The boat is stopping, madam," said the old gentleman; then he added eagerly, "will you accompany me to my home? It will be pleasanter than the hot grove, at this hour of the day, and I would talk more with that angel child."

His new-found friend consented, and

they walked together, for some moments, the little children hand in hand, until they came in sight of a splendid mansion. A park dotted with beautiful timber lay in front, and the sun brightened its open paths, and threw threads of light in among the shadowed foliage spreading broadly over the green. This led into a garden well laid out, blooming with various flowers. The glass roof of a large conservatory glittered in the red light of that noon-hour, and through the transparent windows the lemon and the orange could be seen.

They entered the house. It wore an air of grandeur, and every room was adorned with rich and costly furniture.

"Oh, what a happy house!" cried angel Lilly.

"She means," said her mother, smil-

ing, "that everything is so beautiful that one ought to be happy here."

Again came that sigh, swelling up from the heart of the aged man, and he shook his head sadly, holding out his arms to the child, "Come to me and tell me how I may love Jesus," he said.

"Why, don't you love him *yet?*" she cried, looking from him to her mother.

"Is it so easy, then, my sweet child?"

"Why, it's so easy you can't help it," said the little one, simply. "Mother says she loves me dearly when I'm good, and how can you help loving Jesus, who is good all the time?"

"Do you think he loves me?"

"Oh, I *know* he does!" replied she, earnestly.

The eyes of the aged unbeliever filled with tears, as he said, "Then, surely if

he loves me, who have always been so ungrateful towards him, I ought to love him. Thank God! I see it now in a new light," he murmured to himself. "O, dear madam! how can I ever be thankful enough that I met this angel? Surely if I seek him he will be found."

In her own sweet way the mother of little Lilly unfolded the plan of salvation to this hoary-headed sceptic — removing his impressions where they conflicted with the truth, and when she left him he had humbled himself in prayer, and promised not to give up his search till he found the Saviour precious to his soul.

It was perhaps a week after this conversation that the mother of Lilly received a letter from the old gentleman, in which he wrote the glad tidings of great joy: now he loved the Saviour.

"Ask my little angel," he added, "what she would most like to have me buy for her. It must be something very beautiful and very costly. I am curious to know what she will say."

"What shall the good man buy for you, Lilly?" asked her mother, as she read the latter part of his letter.

"For me, mother?"

"He says he will get you whatever you wish, no matter what it costs."

"O, Mother! — will he?" and Lilly clapped her hands. "*Will* he buy a whole library for our Sabbath School? Oh! that would be so nice!"

"Always another, never self," thought the grateful parent, as the tears came into her eyes. Then she added, "Well, daughter, I will tell him what you want."

Before the next Sabbath a new and beautiful library graced the Sabbath

School room of L., and Lilly's eyes sparkled like diamonds as she heard the Superintendent tell that it was a gift through one of the Sabbath School scholars. Was it not strange that every eye turned towards the beaming face of angel Lilly? No; for they knew that she delighted in such deeds. And when the questions came pouring in upon her, "Was it you — was it you?" her childish answer was —

"Yes; arn't you glad we've got such a beautiful library?"

That old man lived to build a house unto the Lord, and when it was completed, and they told him that angel Lilly lay in her white robes, pale and motionless, his only reply was, as he wiped the tears from his furrowed cheek, as he pointed to the new and elegant edifice —

"There is her monument!"

BARBARA ELLERTON.

It was almost evening, and little Barbara Ellerton sat at the window with her Bible open in her hand.

"Parable," she said slowly; "I 'm sure I can't tell what that means," and she leaned her head on the window, and watched the sun sinking in golden light in the west. The night fell around, and Barbara seemed surrounded with new and strange sights. She stood on a dark plain: heavy clouds were in the sky, and the air was cold and chilly. Before her was a high wall, and beyond this a bright and glorious light, which she could

scarcely bear to look on; and as she drew nearer there came floating on the air such sweet celestial sounds that Barbara stood and held her clasped hands to listen; then pressed on nearer and nearer. Two little forms were already at the gate. Standing there, they talked in low and earnest tones of their hopes of admittance. They bore in their hands little chains, on which they looked anxiously; and the tears fell sadly as they waited there before the unopened gate.

Suddenly, a burst of music on the ear and a flood of light, made Barbara draw back. Then One appeared and spoke to the children. Barbara bent forward: she could not hear what was said; but through the open gate appeared a scene so beautiful, so lovely, that the little girl forgot everything in gazing. Far, far in the

distance, encompassed with light, was a temple. Its towers reached the clouds, and were lost in their glory. Around and on every side, fields, green and fair to view, stretching broad and beautiful, were filled with bright and joyous beings, who passed up and down before her: now floating with out-spread wings in radiant robes of light to the sound of sweet music; now wandering beside the crystal stream, whose murmuring waves gave forth a gentle lulling sound on the ear. Some rested 'mid the flowers, or sipped the pearly dew from off their leaves, and plucked the pleasant fruits from trees whose foliage alone was sweeter far than mortals ever tasted. Golden crowns were on their heads, golden harps were in their hands, and over white garments, whiter than any fuller on earth could

whiten them, they wore glittering golden chains, mingled with rubies and pearls, sparkling and glistening in such glorious light that mortal eye could not bear to look upon them. And One among them all was fair and lovely. He moved with sweet and winning benignity; and wheresoever he came, every golden crown was bowed, and every harp gave forth sweet and gushing symphonies, as of the sound of many waters. The face on which He smiled became radiant, as though suddenly illumined by a sunbeam; and the "little one" which he carried in His bosom clung close to the arm which supported it, and seemed never wearied in gazing on that loved countenance. Barbara's tears flowed fast. She longed to be one of that happy band, to walk in white on the banks of that beautiful

stream, whose gentle flow made glad the glorious city. Soon the gates were closed; she could see no more, and sitting down on the cold ground, she covered her face with her hands and wept bitterly.

"Little one, why weepest thou?"

She looked up. One stood beside her: his form made her tremble. She could not gaze on him.

"What dost thou want?" he said, in terms of gentlest kindness.

Her tears flowed still, but she told him her desire.

"Can you do what is required of you before you can enter in by the gates into the city?"

"I will try."

"Listen then to the conditions. You have days to live: with each of them,

I will give you grains of golden sands, of which you shall form a chain, *like to mine.* Observe it well."

Barbara looked with wonder. Links of various and beautiful shapes, curiously wrought, and of most perfect workmanship, composed the chain. It was all of pure gold. There were neither pearls nor rubies; no spot, nor stain, nor blemish.

"Do this," said he who talked with her, "and thou shalt have right to enter in by the gates into the city."

"And when?"

"Neither the day nor the hour when I shall call for it can I tell you. Work on patiently. Let the gold which each day brings be carefully wrought, and see that no grain is wasted."

His tone was solemn; and Barbara, full

of awe, scarcely looked up. He waited as if expecting her to ask something; but the little girl, confused with many thoughts, made no request.

"Remember: make the chain exactly like mine. The *directions* are in this roll. If anything thou knowest not, ask me in this place, I will tell thee. Fear not, strive, never get weary, believe what I say. In every trouble come to me, I will not fail you."

Barbara looked up. She was alone. Beside her lay a roll of parchment. It contained many pictures. Some she knew at a glance. They were very simple — precisely like the first links of the chain which had been shown to her. Grains of gold were already in her hands.

"How easy!" she exclaimed with delight. "I will get to work at once."

Carefully examining the picture to know the pattern, the little girl commenced. Grain by grain, little by little, she worked on, till at the close of the day one link was formed. But alas! on comparing it, it was not like the pattern.

"What shall I do?" said Barbara with tears, as she looked at the link, then at the roll. "What *shall* I do?"

Her friend was at hand.

"Go on: study the pattern. Be careful that you examine it for every part of your work."

"I will do better to-morrow," was the thought; and, full of good resolve, Barbara slept. The morrow came, and with it the gold. The good resolutions were not forgotten, and when evening came she felt that her effort had not been in vain.

"It shall be still better," she said, as

she examined the day's work. Several days passed. Barbara had studied the roll well; and whenever she was in doubt, had sought help of that kind friend, who seemed ever ready to hear her when she called.

"I know now I shall not mistake again," was her thought as she worked on. The roll was there, but she did not consult it in the morning, nor in the evening compare the work of the day. Many links were made thus, when, carelessly taking up the roll, she was struck with shame and astonishment to find that there was no resemblance between her work and the pattern. Grief and dismay overwhelmed her. The words, "*If one link is wrong, the whole chain is marred,*" rung in her ears, and she wept long and bitterly. Slowly and sadly she gathered

up the proofs of her carelessness, and, carrying them to him, confessed her fault. He did not upbraid her as she wept before him.

"Go, do so no more. Search diligently what is written in the roll. They are they which show how I wrought out this chain, with much pain, as a pattern for you. Watch! watch! and still you may enter into the city."

Barbara wept long for her fault, tears of real sorrow. For many days she remembered the words spoken by her friend. She kept her mind constantly on the city; and her hopes of one day joining that happy band became stronger and stronger. Oh, to be there! The very thought was too much joy. She longed for her chain to be done, and almost wearied of toiling with ceaseless

care and unwearying effort, to form one little link after another, day after day, for so long a time. Suddenly she remembered that every chain borne by that angel band,— the dwellers in that city,— were made of golden links, mixed with pearls and rubies. Many passed her as she gazed through the open gate, and all bearing a chain; but not one was of gold alone, but beautifully mingled with pearly gems and the brilliant ruby. What should she do? She had nothing but gold, and she knew no means of providing what was lacking. She stopped her work to think about it: the gold passed from her hands in rude unshapen lumps, and still she became more and more perplexed. Barbara was in real trouble. None could be admitted without that chain; and what if hers should not be

right? There was no answer — or none that Barbara heard. So the days passed in doubt and fear. Sometimes she worked on the chain,— but not heartily, — then for a long time she did nothing, or nothing well. Nevertheless, the chain lengthened; for the gold was moulded in her hands in rúde unshapen masses, perhaps, and bearing well the impress of her spirit; but still there was not one grain but told its own tale, and Barbara forgot, or did not love to recall, the city and its inhabitants.

At last there was a change. The friend long unsought came seeking her. Unwearied with oft-repeated failures in her work — an unopened roll, and neglect of himself — he came to her, and held up to her view the chain at which she had long feared to look. There it was,

in all its loveliness and deformity. She shut her eyes, but could not shut out the sight. Tears, bitter tears of sorest agony were those she shed now — tears, more that she had failed in the joys of that country, than for the sin she had committed. A voice said, "look up." She obeyed. Her friend stood before her. One hand held his own chain to her view; the other was raised. She saw it was wounded, and still bleeding. "Wounded for thee." In that moment Barbara saw all her sin as it was. Not that she had failed in the inheritance offered, but in love to such a friend; and in deep repentance and true humility she fell at his feet, bathing them with tears, exclaiming, "My Lord and my God!"

From that hour Barbara was changed. She still labored assiduously on her chain,

but it was from another motive. The love of that kind friend had filled her heart; and to please and honor him she toiled day after day. The chain was spoiled. She could never present it at the gate as a plea for admittance. Sometimes, as she looked at it, the bitter tears would fall. But she remembered the injunction to "work," and she would sadly resume her toil, and then, looking up, his smile would fall like a ray of sunshine on her heart. Much gold was granted to her. Many times, and oft, she failed; but love conquered, and after each temptation she returned with fresh determination and many tears to her work.

At last the summons came to appear at the gate, and bring the chain. It was a sad account she had to render. She

feared greatly; but the Judge was her kind friend, and, amid all her fears, she looked up to him and knew that he loved her. To a friend who questioned her of her hopes of admittance, her answer was sadly given:

"I have no hope from *this*" (holding up her chain): "it is all wrong — *every* link spoiled. There is not one good one among them all. Yet I know that he loves me. He has been wounded for me, and somehow, — I cannot tell how, — I feel that he will save me."

Yet, as she stood tremblingly waiting for the opening of the gate, and the sentence which might banish her forever from his presence, overwhelmed with apprehension, and the thought of her unworthiness, the words, "Lord, save, or I perish!" burst from her lips, and she sunk senseless on the ground.

The gate on golden hinges turning, opened. Her friend — the same long-suffering, ever-watchful friend — stood beside her. He took the chain which she still grasped, and breathing on it, every repenting tear which had been dropped on it became a pearl of purest water; then passing his wounded, blood-red hand over the neglected, unsightly lumps, each one became a ruby, sparkling and glittering in the light of his countenance. Then, taking her by the hand, he said, "Daughter, I say unto thee, arise!" And she that was dead stood up. And he put the chain on her neck, saying, "Fear not; *I* have *wrought* out for thee a perfect righteousness. I have loved thee with an everlasting love. I have redeemed thee: thou art *mine*. He that *believeth* on me shall never be confounded."

And Barbara passed in, and the gates were shut.

Barbara awoke. The full harvest moon was shining brightly in her room. She could see to read.

"Parable!" she said, taking up the Bible, which had fallen upon the floor. "Now I know what a parable is."

It was a solemn thought that she had already begun *her* chain; and kneeling down, she asked God for help to make it rightly, help to study his word, and to believe in Christ, and in him alone, for salvation.

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